



Like Magic by everybreatheverymove

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Summary: Drabble. "What's that behind your back?" El asks. It's definitely not a magic trick. (It totally is.)

Like Magic

"What's that behind your back?"

"Hmm?" Mike hums, eyes widening as though in bemusement as his lips begin to curl into a grin, "What?" He shuffles his feet, worn soles of his sneakers leaving small grooves in the carpet.

"Mike." It's not a question, and she doesn't smile the way he half expects her to. Instead, she ducks her gaze, only looking up at him through long lashes, brows softly creasing in frustration. "Show me."

"I don't know what you're talking about." He shrugs one shoulder, wiggles his arms around behind his back without moving them to his front. He's pretty sure she could just *move* him if she really wanted to.

But there's the faintest trace of a smile working its way onto her lips now as Mike stands still in his resolve, shit-eating grin plastered across his features.

El simple takes one step forward, remains two away from him, and she tilts her head to the side just the slightest, but no blood trickles from her nostril, and Mike doesn't feel himself being overpowered in any way.

"What are you doing?"

It's her turn to shrug now, and she does so with perhaps the sweetest of wicked glints in her eye, somehow innocent and mischievous at once, "Not doing anything." But she takes one step, two steps closer, and suddenly there's no space between them, the smooth sharpness of Mike's jaw resting just above the arch of her brows.

He can only gaze down at her then, all doe-eyed and adoring —and when she places one hand on his shoulder, thumb caressing the cotton of his sweater— he's practically putty.

"Mike."

It only takes a moment for him to well and truly give in, gritting his teeth behind a wide smile, cheeks flushing as her other hand makes

its way to his other shoulder. He can feel the muscles of his neck spasm, the intensity of her gaze burning holes through the collar of his shirt, tucked neatly beneath his pullover, "Fine."

He steadily keeps his left hand behind his back as his right reaches for the side of her face. She watches in confusion as he raises a seemingly empty hand up to her ear, brushing soft curls against her neck.

His left hand comes around his front then, as empty as the right, and El is stumped beyond belief. She could have sworn he was-

Mike quickly leans down to kiss her, lips barely pressing against her own before he's pulling away again, leaving her with stolen breath and closed eyes. El's eyes flicker open when she feels him mess with her hair once more, bare wrist brushing along her collarbone. His fingertips trace along her earlobe and then he's snatching his hand back and holding up a penny. And El is baffled.

Her brows knit, her lips part, and she gasps —like, a real gasp— and Mike can't help the beaming smile that crosses his face. She grabs his hand, inspecting the spaces between his fingers carefully as though she's going to find some sort of answer there. And then she steals the penny from his palm, holds it up carefully. The corner of her mouth curls up then, and she shoots him a look of complete stupefaction,

"Magic?" Her eyes are blown wide, all honey and mud, and the skin between her eyes wrinkles as her face scrunches up in puzzlement.

"Yeah." Mike nods, strand of hair falling in his eyes as he looks down at her. He raises one brow, feels his heart skip a beat when she gazes up at him, free hand pressing flat against his chest, "Like magic."